

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VOL. VI.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1912

NO. 20.

MANY CLUBS REPRESENTED

RECIPROCITY DAY A SUCCESS

Sierra Madre Club Entertains With One of the Best Attended Sessions of the Year

Reciprocity Day held by the Sierra Madre Woman's club last Monday was one of the best attended events of the kind in the history of the Los Angeles District Federation. Nearly every club in the district was represented by one or more delegates, and representatives were present from the district, state and national organizations. The interchange of ideas and experiences of club work was profitable to hostesses and visitors alike.

Services were held both morning and afternoon, with a delicious luncheon served at noon by the ladies of the Sierra Madre club. The guests arrived on special cars at eleven o'clock and were welcomed by a reception committee consisting of Mrs. William J. Lawless, president of the club; Mmes. J. A. Osgood, L. C. Torraine, C. H. Baker, F. J. Hart and Miss Annie Coffey. The young ladies who acted as ushers and assisted in other ways were Mmes. Laws and Sawday; Misses Hazel Woodward, Mae Campbell, Anna Price Simmons, Hallie Kuhn, Evelyn Rice and Helen Morrow.

Music was furnished during the luncheon hour and as a prelude to the afternoon program by the DeNubilo orchestra of Los Angeles. The luncheon tables were prettily decorated with violets, jonquils and acacia blossoms.

Mrs. Frank N. Shiel, corresponding secretary of the General Federation, was honored guest, being accompanied by Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, vice-president of the same organization. Mrs. Shiel is honorary president of the Wyoming State Federation, but she is spending the winter in Long Beach and will make her permanent home in Southern California.

Mrs. J. A. Osgood, who gave an "Appreciation of Lincoln;" Miss Mary Foy, who spoke of the necessity of training children in imagination, that they may be able to revivify and picture the historical events of past ages; Mrs. George Rice, who spoke for the Woman's Progressive League, and Mrs. Van Graham, president of the Alhambra Woman's Club, speaking for the evening use of club houses as social centers, were also on the platform.

The afternoon was devoted to discussion of proposed ordinance for the tuberculin testing of cattle. Mrs. Charles Farwell Edison, health department chairman of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, presided, and with Dr. G. H. Hart, city veterinarian, spoke for the ordinance. It was opposed by W. S. Rosecrans, president of the Milk Producers' Association, and Mr. Stephenson, head of the Gardena Dairymen's Association, speaking for the farmer.

The dairymen say the test is not sufficiently certain to warrant what they say would be a great financial loss, and they demand that the state or city, not the individual farmer, shall bear the cost of killing tuberculous cattle.

The question will be further discussed before a gathering of the club women and the public at a meeting of the Friday Morning Club House, February 27.

Among Those Present

Among members of the Los Angeles District Federation's executive board who were present were Mrs. Calvin

Hartwell, Mrs. H. J. Slater, Mrs. W. C. Muschel, Dr. Jessie A. Russell, Mrs. J. A. Barlow, Mrs. L. W. Harmon, Mrs. C. B. Nichols, Mrs. C. L. Torrence, Mrs. Foster Elliot, Mrs. E. B. Bohan, Mrs. Mary Cooman and Mrs. Mary Kenney. Mrs. Arthur E. Howlett of Michigan, Miss Shaw of Iowa, Mrs. C. B. Nichols of Los Angeles and Mrs. G. Smucker were also guests.

Los Angeles clubs were represented by: Avril Study Club, Mrs. B. F. Nance, Mrs. H. T. Johnson; Wednesday Morning Club, Mrs. F. E. Prior; Mrs. W. B. Tilley; Travel Club, Mrs. J. Wilcox, Mrs. J. H. B. Hebard and Mrs. J. T. Ellis; Ruskin Art Club, Mrs. G. A. Sinsabaugh, Miss Jones; Rosecrans Study Club, Mrs. G. B. Dexter; Reciprocity Club, Mrs. C. P. Wheat; Mrs. W. H. Eaton and Mrs. E. P. True; Matinee Musical, Mrs. Samuel A. Seelover, Mrs. Eugene E. Davis; Lyric, Miss Bridges; Council of Jewish Women, Mrs. Isadore Myers; Harmonia Club, Mrs. William Duffield, Miss Willy Smyser; Galpin Shakespeare, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald; Friday Morning Club, Mrs. C. E. Shattuck; Each and All Club, Mrs. R. W. R. Barnmore, Mrs. Edward L. Haft; Epell, Mrs. E. C. Bellows, Mrs. S. D. Brooks; Cosmos, Mrs. William Reeve, Mrs. Oscar Baer; Cliff Dwellings Association, Mrs. W. E. Ridge, Miss Rowland; Civics Association, Mrs. Rice; Badger Club, Mrs. Bohan.

Out of town clubs: Alhambra Woman's Club, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Ora Stokes; Azusa W. C. Mrs. John E. Hill, Miss Galton; Pathfinders, Compton, Mrs. John B. Nichols, Miss Morrison, president; Downey Saturday Afternoon, Mrs. William Keller, Mrs. George W. Williamson; Twentieth Century, Eage Rock, Mrs. Godfrey Edwards; East Whittier, Mrs. V. T. Emory, Mrs. Wilson; El Monte Shakespeare, Mrs. George J. Chatsworth, Mrs. I. F. Baker; Gardena, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. W. Colclough, Mrs. Sherwood Campbell; Glendale Tuesday Afternoon, Mrs. C. J. Newcomb, Mrs. A. W. Tower; Glendale W. C.; Mrs. Victor Wamsley, Miss McNair; Hollywood, Mrs. H. G. Bentham, Mrs. L. A. Newman; Irwindale, Miscellaneous, Mrs. J. W. Heath, Mrs. A. Miller; Long Beach, Bell, Miss Thompson; Monrovia, Mrs. Richard A. VanderLas, Mrs. Emily Wheeler; Pasadena Study, Mrs. Josephine Holmes, Mrs. Holman; Pasadena Choral Club, Mrs. C. F. M. Stone, Mrs. H. F. Ives; Pasadena Graduate Nurses, Mrs. Janette F. Peterson, Miss Pollock; Pasadena Shakespeare, Miss Meeker, Mrs. Wilbur E. Sanders and Mrs. D. W. Gordon; Redondo W. C., Mr. David Forbes, Mrs. Arthur Harris; San Luis Obispo, Mrs. O. R. C. Grover; San Pedro W. C., Mrs. M. L. Campbell, Mrs. Kasbaum; Santa Monica Bay Woman's W. C., Mrs. S. J. Egleston, Mrs. Frances M. Taff, Mrs. Jessica R. Clark, Mrs. Shaw; Sawtelle W. C., Mrs. W. W. Haskie, Mrs. H. M. Merrill, Mrs. R. G. Putman; South Pasadena W. C. Improvement Association, Mrs. Frank Cattern, Mrs. E. E. Thompson and Mrs. J. S. Dodge; South Pasadena Lincoln Park Study Club, Mrs. Herbert C. Barnes, Mrs. C. A. Adams and Miss Herron; Tropicana Thursday Afternoon, Mrs. D. Griswold, Mrs. J. H. Webster and Mrs. M. McLean; Venice W. C., Mrs. Force Parker; Whittier, Mrs. Coulthurst, Mrs. Milt.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic will enjoy a supper and social evening at the home of Comrade and Mrs. McDaniel of Montecito avenue next Tuesday evening. All resident comrades and their wives are urged to attend, especially newcomers who may not have been called to the attention of the members. Supper will be served at seven o'clock sharp.

For the purpose of carrying on the right a meeting was held in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce last Saturday evening at which Sierra Madre was represented by C. S. Kersting and George E. Morgridge. It was voted to form a permanent committee consisting of one representative from each town along the route, with three each from San Bernardino and Pasadena, the terminals of the disputed section. C. W. Jones was appointed to represent Sierra Madre. Frank Wheeler, the most active worker, was continued as secretary, and the president of the San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce was named as chairman. An assessment was levied upon the nineteen towns on the basis of \$5 per delegate to pay necessary expenses.

MINSTREL ECHOES

FEED & FUN CLUB'S PERFORMANCE LEAVES EVERY ONE IN GOOD HUMOR

All who saw both performances of the Feed & Fun Club's minstrel entertainment agreed that Friday night's performance was about 400 per cent better than that of the first night. There was an improvement in the individual numbers and the whole program went off with more snap.

Miss Dorothy Warner of Hollywood added a delightful number to the Friday night program. This dainty Miss gave a fairylike fancy dance, with a splendid "sailor's hornpipe" as an encore.

So far only one fatality has been reported following the joke fest. Poor Terry! Mr. Kersting had "the meanest dog in town" taken out and shot next day, a step which he had been contemplating for some time. Several persons have been heard to express regret that several other dogs were not included in the same category, if that was to be the result.

The minstrel performance added another to the list of varied achievements of J. A. Patterson as Sierra Madre's greatest impresario. He really ought to have been included in the list of the "greatest men in the world." To him belongs the credit for getting the thing under way, for keeping it going when everybody else was ready to quit, for bringing order out of chaos when it seemed impossible, for a large share of the fun perpetrated and so large part for the neat sum realized.

Following the references in last week's report of the entertainment to the "shining page" of the interlocutor, the editor of the News received a valentine from Captain J. A. Osgood, consisting merely of a scriptural reference, II Kings 2:23-24.

Search for the verses revealed what might be taken as a startling threat. At any rate the editor will keep a sharp lookout for bears next time he goes into the mountains. The verse read as follows:

"And he went up from thence into Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And

here came forth two she bears out of the wood, and bare forty and two children of them."

Two nights in succession Dale Bowen sang a ditty referring to "the fine whiskers in this place." The following night the city trustees passed the "weed ordinance." Next day Wynne Mead had his beard trimmed. Quod erat demonstrandum.

KEEPING UP FIGHT

I.O.G.T. LODGE GROWS

FOOTHILL TOWNS HAVE NOT GIVEN UP SECURING THE STATE HIGHWAY

YOUNG TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATION IS GAINING IN INTEREST AND MEMBERSHIP

Boosters of the foothill boulevard as the proper route of the California state highway between Los Angeles and San Bernardino do not propose to give up the fight until the matter is finally settled by the state highway commission which will determine the route. They do not propose to admit that the so-called valley route has received any endorsement save from residents along its line, despite the action of the highway convention which met in Los Angeles recently.

At that meeting it was recommended that the same route be chosen for the state and national highways, the language of a highway convention previously held in Phoenix, Ariz., being copied. It was to the effect that the national highway should pass through the Imperial Valley to Beaumont and hence "by the shortest practical route to Los Angeles." Because the valley road is something like four miles shorter the valley looked upon that expression as cinching their claims.

Passing over the rump character of that convention the foothill highway boosters claim that theirs is the "shortest practical route." They claim that a road to be practical must go where it will accommodate the greatest number of people in addition to being reasonably direct. The great reprobation of the showing made by the foothill route over that of the valley in point of population, assessed valuation of tributary country, and number of towns and cities reached puts it far in the lead.

As a typical comparison Frank Wheeler of Claremont has prepared a statement of the assessed valuation of property lying within three miles on either side of the two routes. The foothill road leads by about 4 to 1, the figures being something like \$120,000,000 against \$30,000,000.

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Next Saturday evening the following district lodge officers will be present to confer the degree. District Chief Templar Joshua S. Houlgate of Pasadena; Past District Chief Templar Robert Taylor of Tropicana; District Secretary O. W. Blain, Hollywood; District Marshal H. Hixson, Lodiburg; District Electoral Supt. L. A. Swan, Los Angeles; District Treasurer T. R. Burger, Pasadena; Dist. Guard J. Sanders, Santa Monica.

Members of one month's standing are allowed to take the Second Degree but a dispensation has been obtained from the Grand Lodge and all those who are favorably recommended by Sierra Madre Lodge will be received on Saturday night in view of the approaching District Convention.

We want 100 members by the close of the next official quarter, May 1st.

Under good of the order next Saturday, students who have participated in the W. C. T. U. Essay Contests in the public schools will compete for a prize. As the work in the schools is a part of the English course and compulsory our younger members ought to provide brisk competition. The membership contest closes next Saturday when prizes will be awarded Curtis Flint leads.

COR.

Finding his wits. The policeman hove near, scowling. He was powerless, since the young woman had spoken first.

"I will take this Canova, I believe."

Finally decided, opening her purse,

and producing the necessary silver.

"Of course, it is quite impossible to send this?"

"Yes, ma'am. Sending it would eat

up all the profits." But with ill-concealed eagerness, "If you will leave

your address I can send as many as you like."

"I will do that."

Incredible as it seemed, neither face

lost its repose; he dared not smile, and

the young woman did not care to

There was something familiar to his

memory in the oval face, but this was

no time for a diligent search.

"Hey, miss," yelled one of the newsboys, "you're throwin' your money away. He's a fake; he ain't no state seller. He's doing it for a joke!"

Fitzgerald lost a little color, that was all. But his customer ignored the imputation. She took out a card and laid it on the tray, and without further ado went serenely on her way. The policeman stepped toward her as if to speak, but she turned her delicate head aside. The crowd engulfed her presently, and Fitzgerald picked up the card. There was neither name nor definite address on it. It was a message, hastily written, and it sent a thrill of delight and speculation to his impressionable heart. Still carrying the tray before him, he hastened over to the club, where there was something of an ovation. Instead of a dinner for three it became one for a dozen, and Fitzgerald passed the statuettes round as souvenirs of the most unique bet of the year. There were lively times. Toward midnight, as Fitzgerald was going out of the coat room, Cathewe spoke to him.

"What was her name, Jack?"

"Hanged if I know."

"She dropped a card on your tray."

Fitzgerald rubbed his chin. "There

wasn't any name on it. There was an address and something more. Now,

wait a moment, Arthur; this is no ordinary affair. I would not show it to

any one else. Here, read it yourself."

"I am doing this for charity's sake."

(Continued on Page 3)

SHORTCUT TO STURTEVANT'S

J. M. Beard Who is to Operate Camp Will Run New Trail

By building about four and one-half miles of new trail J. M. Beard expects to shorten the journey to Sturtevant's Camp about two miles and avoid the grades which have made the journey seem longer than it really is now. Mr. Beard will operate the camp the coming season in addition to Orchard Camp at the half-way house on the Mt. Wilson Trail. By making Sturtevant's more accessible he expects to be able to attract a much larger patronage than has been possible in the past.

The new trail which Mr. Beard is laying surveyed now will have the present trail at a point very close to the top of what is commonly known as the "Hermit's trail." It will take a nearly level course from that point until it reaches the bottom of the canyon. The rest of the distance the trail will follow near the bed of the stream by easy grades all the way to Sturtevant's Camp.

The new salary ordinance was also presented at that meeting. It advances the salary of the clerk and assessor to \$60 monthly and that of the marshal and tax collector to \$35 monthly.

The new salary ordinance was also collected. The treasurer will receive the fixed sum of \$25 monthly. All salaries are to be paid by warrant. They will take effect following the coming election.

Last night's meeting of the trustees resulted in very little aside from routine matters and long discussions. The anti-chicken petition did not come up for consideration, consequently the feathers did not fly as had been anticipated.

WEEDS MUST BE TRIMMED

NUISANCE MUST BE ABATED

Trustees Pass Ordinance Designed to Compel Cleaning Up of Unsightly Property

The weed ordinance has at last been presented to the city trustees and passed. Property owners must now, according to its terms, keep their ground free from the weeds which make a nuisance of so many vacant lots or have the work done by the city and taxed up against the property.

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BOARD OF TRADE BANQUET

Chairman Ballou of the Board of Trade entertainment committee is actively at work on plans for the annual banquet which will be held on the evening of March 7. The affair will be held at the Woman's Club house and the dinner will be served by the ladies of the club. No further guarantee of quality is needed so far as the menu and service are concerned. Tickets will be sold at \$1.25, a price which is lower than charged for similar events in most places, and which should be within the reach of every one. Good speakers will be provided and a rousing time is assured. Further announcements will be made soon.

TRAVEL TALK TONIGHT

Interesting Illustrated Address on Italian Cities and Art

Miss VanKirk, a talented lecturer will give a free illustrated address at the club house this evening. Her subject will be "Italy and Florentine Art." More than 100 fine stereopticon views will be shown and the address will undoubtedly be one of the most interesting in the club's series of free entertainments.

SYNOPSIS

In Paris Fitzgerald meets Karl Breitmann, a mysterious adventurer, and sees a beautiful American girl, who interests him. Breitmann dreams of securing 2,000 francs.

Bernard, a French detective and butler, collector is shadowing Breitmann for France whose safety he imperils. Germany is also

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The News Liner Column is a great market place for all classes of goods and real estate. Try it.

Brief Items of Interest

William Wright is in La Jolla this week visiting friends.

W. C. Davis has gone to Imperial Valley on a fortnight's business trip.

The I. L. C. society were entertained at the home of Mrs. W. E. Walker on Thursday.

Miss Katherine Torrance spent the week end in Santa Monica as the guest of Miss Nebeker.

Miss Helen Morrow of Los Angeles was a week end guest at the home of Mrs. W. H. Ingram.

Mrs. George H. Cornell and Miss E. D. Williams spent Tuesday in Glendale as the guests of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mitchell leave today for San Francisco where they will remain three or four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hogue of Ventura were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Torrance.

Mrs. Clarence B. Penn of Los Angeles was a week end guest at the home of Mrs. L. M. Rice of Auburn avenue.

Lieut. W. S. Gleason who has just returned from the Philippines is a guest at the home of Mrs. J. T. Mason.

Miss Jean Craig is spending the week in Pasadena as a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Macdonnell.

Mrs. Ellen Pratt and Miss Weeks of Los Angeles were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Adams this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Braddus and children of San Cruses, Texas, were week end guests at the home of Mrs. S. C. Davis.

Misses Edna and Julia Wyman of Los Angeles have rented the Schleitze cottage on Sunnyside avenue for several months.

Mrs. Maude Pearson has purchased the cottage on Windsor Lane recently occupied by C. A. Hassinger and will move into it at once.

Mrs. Dwight Griswold, president of the Thursday Afternoon Club of Tropico, was the guest of Mrs. E. I. Merrill the first of the week.

Miss Grace Phelps, physical director at Custer avenue and Fourteenth street intermediate schools was the week end guest of Miss Clarice Merrill.

Marshal Wright attended a dinner at the home of John Bartlett of Pasadena, followed by a dancing party at the Shakespeare Club house, last Friday evening.

Charles C. Mangold and family who have been occupying their cottage on Grand View avenue for some time have returned to their home in Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Edwards and Donald C. Ashmore who have been occupying the Rice bungalow on North Baldwin have moved into their new bungalow on East Central.

Rev. Hugh C. Griffith of the Anti-Saloon League will speak in the Congregational Church next Sunday evening. The pastor, Dr. Campbell, will occupy the pulpit for the morning service.

The Young Women's Problem Club, which consists of Mr. A. S. Mead's class of young ladies at the Congregational Sunday school, enjoyed a social evening at the home of Miss Jessie Ward Thursday.

Mrs. George F. Cope of Los Angeles was a week end guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Allen. Mrs. Cope recently returned from a three month's trip to the Orient, visiting many places of interest in China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands.

Miss Bonnie Rockhold who has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Adams returned home on Thursday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Adams and the baby who will visit at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rockhold of Riverside.

Mrs. C. H. Baker entertained a few friends with a Valentine luncheon at her home on Tuesday. The guests were Mrs. R. H. Baker, Mrs. Frank Parker, Mrs. A. R. Eastman of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Thorstenberg of Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Yerxa entertained with a delightful family dinner party at "Bonita Vista Ranch," Monday evening. The event was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yerxa of Minneapolis who are guests at the home of the former's parents, and also in celebration of the sixth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Roseberry of Los Angeles, Mrs. Roseberry being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yerxa. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Duff of Oneonta Park; Dr. and Mrs. Charles Yerxa of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Yerxa of Jamestown, N. Y.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Congregational Church held a meeting at the home of Mrs. E. Wood Davis on Monday evening. The event was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yerxa of Minneapolis who are guests at the home of the former's parents, and also in celebration of the sixth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Roseberry of Los Angeles, Mrs. Roseberry being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yerxa. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Duff of Oneonta Park; Dr. and Mrs. Charles Yerxa of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Yerxa of Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Stella Morris, whose marriage to Mr. William Dennison will take place next week, was the recipient of a "mimosa shower" at the home of Mrs. M. D. Weisler on St. Valentine's Day. The house was gaily decorated, festoons of pink and white hearts being suspended about the rooms, and the same idea was carried out in the refreshments. The bride-elect received a large number of useful and handsome presents, which were presented in a large basket and the guests enjoyed watching the opening of the numerous packages. The guests included Mmes. Staples, C. A. Yerxa, J. J. Hart, Walker, Cook, Keys, Prooks, Goodfellow, Norris, Ward, Tarr, Caley, Sawday, Betts, Steinberger, Lawless, W. S. Andrews, Dickson, Lockhart, Collins, Crisp, Patterson, Baird, Misses Norris, Florence Vanner, Trible, Anderson, Dickson, Cook, Jones, Campbell, Emily Brugman, Vega, Brugman, Hilda Caley, Maybelle Caley, Hill, Ward, Cora, Matilde and Marian Seeley, Powell, Evelyn Rice, Marjorie Rice.

Roy Emery of Hollywood, spent the week end in Sierra Madre.

Mrs. A. D. Hawks had as guests the week end Mr. and Mrs. Hassitt of St. Louis.

Mrs. Holland of Los Angeles is a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Jones.

Mrs. C. B. Green is spending the week end at the home of Mrs. T. Gardner of Pasadena.

The Modern Priscillas were entertained at the home of Miss Gertrude Cook Thursday afternoon.

Herbert Peterson of Los Angeles spent Sunday and Monday at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Howard Hill.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Mackerras last week, Mr. MacDonnell being one of the participants in the Society of Mental entertainment.

Rev. Charles Coke Woods, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Whittier, spent Tuesday with Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell. Rev. Woods is a writer of some note, being the author of a volume of poems entitled "The Heart."

Grandpa W. H. Scott has received from Mill Valley, California, a card inscribed: "Call on Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Scott and see the baby boy I left on the 3rd of February." Name, Frank Theodore Scott, Junior. Weight 10 pounds. (Signed) Stork, M. D.

Rev. James M. Campbell, D. D., was the recipient of an invitation which carried with it something of a compliment. He was invited to occupy the pulpit of the First Methodist Church of Salt Lake City during the absence of the pastor, Dr. Short, on a European trip. Circumstances connected with the closing of Dr. Campbell's pastorate in Sierra Madre prevent the acceptance of the invitation.

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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson Celebrate With Assistance of Friends

Sixty years of happy wedded life have been the lot of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Thompson of Suffolk avenue. On Monday they were assisted in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage, by a large number of relatives and friends.

The circumstances surrounding the wedding and its anniversary were strikingly different. Mr. Thompson, then a resident of Clarence, N. Y., drove several miles through a snow-storm to claim his bride. For the past fourteen years they have been residents of Sierra Madre. Their sixtieth anniversary fell on one of the balmy winter days of this gentle climate. Friends and relatives invited to participate in the festivities of the happy occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eldred, Fred and Delos Eldred; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Harrigan, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Parker, Helen, Orlando and Florence Parker; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Veitch, Los Angeles; Mr. L. E. Holland, Michigan; Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Parker, Mr. G. A. Raynor, Ocean Park; Mrs. Bettie Taylor, Mrs. Blanch McCreary, Donald McCreary, Miss Kate Dony, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bernhard, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Dossinger, Mr. Henry Long, Ontario; Miss Nellie Tucker, Mrs. A. M. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Bodine, Lester Day and Bernhard Bodine, Sierra Madre.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gresham of Alameda will be interested to learn of the arrival of a daughter, born February 5th.

Dr. Thomas McKenzie of the

A SPLENDID HAZARD

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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(Continued from Page 1)

Come to the house at the top of the hill in Dalton tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. But do not come if you lack courage.

That was all. Cathewe ran a finger comb fashion through his mustache. He almost smiled.

"Where the deuce is Dalton?" Fitzgerald inquired.

"It is a little village on the New Jersey coast; not more than forty houses, postoffice, hotel and general store; perhaps an hour out of town."

"What would you do in my place?"

"It may be a joke, and then again it may not. She knew that I was a rank imposter."

"But she knew that a man must have a certain kind of daredevil courage to play the game you played. Well, you ask me what I should do in your place. I'd go."

"I shall. It will double discount fishing. And the more I think of it, the more certain I become that she and I have met somewhere. By-by!"

Cathewe lingered in the reading room, pondering. Here was a twist to the wager he was rather unprepared for, and if the truth must be told, he



SHE TOOK OUT A CARD AND LAID IT ON THE TRAY

was far more perplexed than Fitzgerald. He knew the girl, but he did not know and could not imagine what purpose she had in aiding Fitzgerald to win his wager or luring him out to an obscure village in this detective story manner.

"Well, I shall hear all about it from her father," he concluded.

And all in good time he did.

CHAPTER IV.

PIRATES AND PRIVATE SECRETARIES.

It was a little station made gloomy by a single light. Once in so often a fast train stopped. If properly flagged Fitzgerald, feeling wholly unromantic, now that he had arrived, dropped his handbag on the damp platform and took his bearings. It was after sundown. The sea, but a few yards away, was a murmuring, heaving blackness, save where here and there a wave broke. The wind was chill, and there was the hint of a storm coming down from the northeast.

"Any hotel in this place?" he asked of the ticket agent, the telegraph operator and the baggeman, who was pushing a crate of vegetables off a truck.

"Swan's hotel; only one."

"Do people sleep and eat there?"

"If they have good digestions."

"Much obliged. Is there a house hereabouts called the top of the hill?"

"Come over here," said the agent.

"See that hill back there, quarter of a mile above the village; those three lights? Well, that's it. They usually have a carriage down here when they're expecting any one."

"Who owns it?"

"Old Admiral Killigrew. Didn't you know it?"

"Oh, Admiral Killigrew; yes, of course. I'm not a guest. Just going up there on business. Worth about ten millions, isn't he?"

"That and more. There's his yacht in the harbor. Oh, he could burn up the village, pay the insurance, and not even knock down the quality of his cigars. He's the best old chap out. None of your red faced, yo-hoing growling seadogs; just a genuine old sailor with only one bee in his bonnet."

"What sort of bee?"

"Pirates?" in a ghostly whisper.

"Pirates? Oh, say, now!" with a protest.

"Straight as a die. He's got the finest library on piracy in the world, everything from the 'Pirates of Penzance' to 'The Life of Morgan'."

"But there's no pirate afoot these days."

"Not on the high seas, no. It's just the old man's pastime. Every so often, he coils up the yacht, which is a seventeen knotter, and goes off to the south seas, hunting for treasures."

"By George!" Fitzgerald whistled softly. "Has he ever found any?"

"Not so much as a postage stamp, so far as I know. Money's always been in the family, and his Wall street friends have shown him how to double what he has, from time to time. Just for the sport of the thing some old fellows go in for crockery, some for pictures, and some for horses. The admiral just hunts treasures. Half-pass; you'll excuse me. There'll be some train dispatches in a minute."

Fitzgerald gave him a good cigar, took up his bag, and started off for the main street; and once there he remembered that with chagrin that he had not asked the agent the most important thing of all: Had the admiral a daughter? Well, at 8 o'clock he would learn all about that. Pirates! It would be as good as a play. But where did he come in? And why was courage necessary? His interest found new life.

Swan's hotel was one of those nondescript buildings of wood which are not worth more than a three line paragraph even when they burn down. The landlord himself lifted Fitzgerald's bag to the counter.

"A room for the night and supper, right away."

"Here, Jimmy," called the landlord to a growing, lumbering boy, "take this satchel up to No. 5."

The boy went his way, eying the tables respectfully and with some awe. This was the third of its kind he had ported upstairs in the past twenty-four hours.

Fitzgerald cast an idle glance at the loungers. There were half a dozen of them, some of them playing cards and some displaying talent on a pool table, badly worn and beer stained. There was nothing distinctive about any of them excepting the little man who was reading an evening paper, and the only distinctive thing about him was a pair of bright eyes. Behind their gold rimmed spectacles they did not waver under Fitzgerald's scrutiny. So the latter dismissed the room and his company from his mind and proceeded into dinner. As he was late he dined alone on mildly warm chicken, greasy potatoes and muddy coffee. He was used often to worse fare than this, and no complaint was even thought of. After he had changed his linen he took the road to the house at the top of the hill. Now, then, what sort of an affair was this going to be, such as would bend a girl of her bearing to speak to him on the street? Moreover, at a moment when he was playing a grownup child's game? It could not be a joke. Women never rise to such extravagant heights. Pirates and treasures! He wouldn't have been surprised at all had Old Long John Silver bobbed out from behind any one of those vine grown fences and demanded his purse.

The street was dim, and more than once he stumbled over a loose board in the wooden walk. If the admiral had been the right kind of philanthropic host he would have furnished stone. But, then, it was one thing to give a country town something and another to force the town council into accepting it. The lampposts, also of wood, stood irregularly apart, often less than a hundred feet, and sometimes more, lighting nothing but their immediate vicinity. Fitzgerald could see the lamps plainly, but could separate none of the objects round or beneath. That is why he did not see the face of the man who passed him in a hurry. He never forgot a face if it were a man's. His only difficulty was in placing it at once.

Fitzgerald tramped on cheerfully. It was not an unpleasant climb, only dark. The millionaire's home seemed to grow up out of a fine park. There was a great iron fence inclosing the grounds, and the lights on top of the gates set the dull red trunks of the pines aglowing. There were no lights shining in the windows of the pretty lodge. Still, the pedestrians gate was ajar. He passed in, fully expecting to be greeted by the growl of a dog. Instead he heard mysterious footsteps on the gravel. He listened. Some one was running.

"Hello, there!" he called.

No answer. The sound ceased. The runner had evidently taken to the silent going of the turf. Fitzgerald came to a stand. Should he go on or return to the hotel? Whoever was running had no right here. Fitzgerald rarely carried arms, at least in civilized countries. A stout cane was the best weapon for general purposes. He swung this tightly.

"I am going on. I should like to see the library."

He was not over fond of unknown dangers in the night, but he possessed a keen ear and a sharp pair of eyes, being a good hunter. A poacher, possibly. At any rate, he determined to go forward and ring the bell.

Both the park and the house were old. Some of those well trimmed pines had scored easily a hundred and fifty years, and the oak standing before the house and dividing the view into halves was older still. No iron deer or marble lion marred the lawn which he was now traversing. A sign of good taste. Gardeners had been at work here, men who knew their business thoroughly. He breathed the odor of trampled pine needles mingled with the harsher essence of the sea. It was tonic.

In summer the place would be beautiful. The house itself was built on severe and simple lines. It was quite apparent that in no time of its history had it been left to run down. The hall and lower left wing were lighted, but the inner blinds and curtains were drawn. He did not waste any time. It was exactly 8 o'clock when he stepped up to the door and pulled the ancient wire bell. At once he saw signs of life. The broad door

opened, and an English butler, having scrutinized his face, silently motioned him to be seated. The young man in search of an adventure selected the far end of the hall seat and dandled his hat. An English butler was a good beginning. Perhaps three minutes passed, then the door to the library opened and a young woman came out. Fitzgerald stood up. Yes, it was she.

"So you have come?" There was welcome neither in her tone nor face, nor was there the suggestion of any other sentiment.

"Yes, I am not sure that I gave you my name. Miss Killigrew." He was secretly confused over this enigmatic reception.

She nodded. She had been certain that, did he come at all, he would come in the knowledge of who she was.

"I am John Fitzgerald," he said.

She thought for a space. "Are you the Mr. Fitzgerald who wrote the long article recently on the piracy in the Chinese seas?"

"Yes," full of wonder.

Interest began to stir her face. "It turns out, then, rather better than I expected. I can see that you are puzzled. I picked you out of many yesterday on impulse because you had the sang froid necessary to carry out your jest to the end."

"I am glad that I am not here under false colors. What I did yesterday was, as you say, a jest. But, on the other hand, are you not playing me one in kind? I have much curiosity."

"I shall proceed to allay it somewhat. This will be no jest. Did you come armed?"

"Oh, indeed, no!" smiling.

She rather liked that. "I was wondering if you did not believe this to be some silly intrigue."

"I gave thought to but two things,

that you were jesting or that you were in need of a gentleman as well as a man of courage. Tell me, what is the danger and why do you ask me if I am armed?" It occurred to him that her own charm and beauty might be the greatest danger he could possibly face. More and more grew the certainty that he had seen her somewhere in the past.

"Ah, if I only knew what the danger was! But that it exists I am positive. Within the past two weeks of odd nights there have been strange noises here and there about the house, especially in the chimney. My father, being slightly deaf, believes that these sounds are wholly imaginative on my part. This is the first spring in years we have resided here. It is really our summer home. I am not more than normally timorous. Some one we do not know enters the house at will. How or why I can't unravel. Nothing has ever disappeared, either money, jewels or silver, though I have laid many traps. There is the huge fireplace in the library, and my room is above. I have heard a tapping like some one hammering gently on stone. I have examined the bricks and so has my father, but neither of us has discovered anything. Three days ago I placed door thinly on the flagstone before the fireplace. There were footprints in the morning—of rubber shoes. When I called in my father the maid had unfortunately cleaned the stone without observing anything. So my father still holds that I am subject to dreams. His secretary, whom he had for three years, has left him. The butler's and servants' quarters are in the rear of the other wing. They have never been disturbed."

"I am not a detective. Miss Killigrew," he remarked as she paused.

"No, but you seem to be a man of invention and good spirit. Will you help me?"

"In whatever way I can." His opinion at that moment perhaps agreed with that of his father. Still, a test could be of no harm. She was a charming young woman, and he was assured that beneath this present concern there was a lively, humorous disposition. He had a month for idleness, and why not play detective for a change? Then he recalled the trespasser in the park. By George, she might be right!

"Come, then, and I will present you to my father. His deafness is not so bad that one has to speak loudly. To speak distinctly will be simplest."

She thereupon conducted him into the library. His quick glance, thrown here and there absorbingly, convinced him that there were at least 5,000 volumes in the cases. He was glad to see that some of his old friends were here, too, and that the shelves were not wholly given over to piracy. What a hobby to follow! What adventures all within thirty square feet! And a shiver passed over his spine as he saw several tattered black flags hanging from the walls, the real articles, too, now faded to a rusty brown.

Behind a broad, flat mahogany desk, with green shaded student lamp at his elbow, sat a bright cheeked, white-haired man, writing. Fitzgerald instantly recognized him. Abruptly his gaze returned to the girl. Yes, now he knew. It was stupid of him not to have remembered at once. Why, it was she who had given the bunch of violets that day to the old veteran in Napoleon's tomb. To have remembered the father and to have forgotten the daughter!

"I was wondering where I had seen you," he said lowly.

"Where was that?"

"In Napoleon's tomb nearly a year ago. You gave an old French soldier a bouquet of violets. I was there."

"Were you?" As a matter of fact his face was absolutely new to her. He did not waste any time at recalling faces. And in traveling one sees so many."

"That is true." Queer sort of girl he was. Not very good at recalling faces. And in traveling one sees so many."

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SIERRA MADRE NEWS

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SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By GEORGE B. MORGDRIDGE

Published Fridays

Subscription \$1.50 Yearly

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1912

BY THE WAY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty suffered a painful fall.
Humpty just wouldn't get up again—
He wanted to beat the insurance men.

Uncle Sam's weather bureau might be able to make a rain prophecy and deliver the goods by getting the judicial department to squeeze a little water out of the corporation stocks.

Do you know what polyandry means? If you know, doesn't this injunction from The Arcadian sound like it: "Men of Arcadia! Ask your wife to register—she should!"

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. One man was peeved because he thought he was joshed too much at the recent minstrel show. Another man has been nursing a grouch because he thinks the amount of joshing he received was not in proportion to his importance in the community.

Considering their relative frequency the celebration of a 60th wedding anniversary ought to have about ten times the newspaper prominence accorded a divorce case. But for some reason the newspaper headline artists are apt to lose an opportunity to play up the unusual.

The acme of asininity in modern journalism was achieved the other day by a Los Angeles daily which printed a 120-point type across the top of its first page: "Attell Injury Is Unimportant." The word "unimportant" carries sufficient condemnation of a newspaper style which would permit such an effort to attract attention. But after all perhaps the importance of the personage concerned is such as to warrant the big type to chronicle his unimportant injuries. Just glance back along the line of bold face type to the name. Whose name is it—the president of the United States, King George, the Pope? Not so. Listen reverently while we tell you who do not recognize the name, that he is a minor pugilist!

All indications point to a highly interesting city election in April. If all the women in Sierra Madre register and vote the vote will be more than doubled. Just what will be the effect in any given contest is problematical. Timers of various states and combinations are gaining currency but so far no definite lineup has appeared. It would be too bad to have an exciting election contest and any person barred from voting because they had not registered. To be on the safe side they should do so before the first of March, in other words, right away. Then they will be fixed for two years to come.

A. N. Carter would like to make the acquaintance of some despicable scoundrel who about Christmas time cut down a choice pine tree at the entrance to Carter's Camp. The tree was a native of the San Bernardino mountains. It was about six feet high, having been planted about five years ago. Not only is the property on which it was growing privately owned but, like all other property lying adjacent to the base of the mountains, is protected by the forestry laws governing the reserve. A heavy penalty is attached to the destruction of trees in this territory. Probably the perpetrator of the deed is a relative of the persons who cut down a couple of young pine trees planted along the Trutevant trail by the forestry department, apparently for Christmas tree purposes.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING
Monday evening's session of the Board of Trade was largely attended and full of interest. Aside from the action taken on a number of specific things there was a large amount of profitable discussion on many subjects which cannot help bringing about better understanding among citizens upon subjects of importance.

The status of the foothill boulevard enterprise was explained by Messrs. C. W. Jones and George B. Morgridge, the former relating the work of the committee up to the convention of two weeks ago, and the latter telling of the action of the committee session in Los Angeles last Saturday night, which is reported elsewhere in this paper.

A. S. Mead was called on by President Tarr for a report on the Pasadena-Sierra Madre-Monrovia car line and gave a detailed report of the agi-

tation and recent visit of the railway officials to the proposed route.

Chairman E. F. Ballou of the entertainment committee reported that March 7 had been agreed upon as the date for the annual banquet and on his recommendation it was adopted. It was also voted to place the price of tickets at \$1.25 each.

C. W. Jones called attention to the fact that the present might be a good time to take up the matter of the joint use of poles by the various public service companies in Sierra Madre, as a means of reducing the number of unsightly poles in the city streets. The streets and roads committee, of which E. S. Mollenkopf is chairman, was instructed to take the matter up with the companies concerned.

A. S. Mead called attention to the number of fake advertising schemes constantly tried out upon local business men. After some discussion of the methods employed by the travelling salesmen it was voted that all business houses be requested to turn down solicitors for donations or advertising schemes which have not first secured the written indorsement of the advertising committee of the Board of Trade. Placards will be printed for posting in stores and offices, giving such notice to solicitors.

Mr. Mead also called attention to the action taken some months ago urging that the citizens of Sierra Madre be given an opportunity to vote on the question of giving the city trustees some remuneration for their services. Opinion seemed to be unanimous that such action ought to be taken and a committee consisting of A. S. Mead, H. J. Bridges and H. G. Flint was appointed to draw up a resolution to be presented to the city trustees for enactment into the ordinance calling the approaching city election.

President Tarr announced the appointment of Messrs. J. D. Mackerras and F. D. R. Moote to represent the Board of Trade on the general Flower Festival committee, it being the intention of the Woman's Club to have on the committee two members of the club and one representative of the city trustees.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NOTES

Pupils Are Preparing for Entertainment to Be Given Next Week

Pupils and teachers are enthusiastically engaged in preparing the annual school entertainment to be given at the Woman's Club house Saturday evening, February 24. A cantata will be rendered introducing characters in costume from sixteen foreign lands. Folk dances and songs will be an interesting feature. The proceeds of the affair will be devoted to beautifying the school rooms.

Have you heard of the Junior Sierra Madre city government? It has been in operation nearly one month. Its jurisdiction has not been extended to regulate conduct in the school rooms but the boy guilty of profanity, bullying, or even throwing waste paper on street, school yard or patio is pretty sure to be quietly called before the school judge by the chief of police or one of his deputies and receive a warning, or perhaps a sentence to be executed by and with the approval of his teacher. Ordinances passed by the city council are subject to the veto of the principal who also acts as a court of appeal. The children are learning in a concrete manner the true object of government and something of the duty and privilege of citizenship in a democracy.

Two bookcases and a cabinet for curios are among the articles recently completed by boys in the manual training room and presented to the school.

The morning "setting up" exercises conducted by Mr. Mead before school on Mondays and Wednesdays are proving popular with the boys. About thirty vigorous lads are put through the drill exactly as the would get it in a military academy. No guns are used nor are they desired. The object being physical development not the cultivation of the military spirit in our boys.

VALENTINE SOCIAL

A Valentine Social will be given this (Friday) evening in the Christian Endeavor rooms of the Congregational Church, having been postponed from last evening. Every one is cordially invited.

A COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of the News:
Some of the poles of the Southern California Edison company are being replaced by new ones. I beg respectfully to suggest that instead of erecting large, unsightly poles, that cement poles similar to those in Germany be used, which are a decided success. They are small, tinted any color you like, very durable and far superior in appearance than wooden ones. If Sierra Madre was the first city to adopt this system in Southern California in addition to her natural beauty it would increase her popularity.

Respectfully,
GEO. HUMPHRIES.
Piedmont House, Carter Avenue, Feb. 12, 1912.

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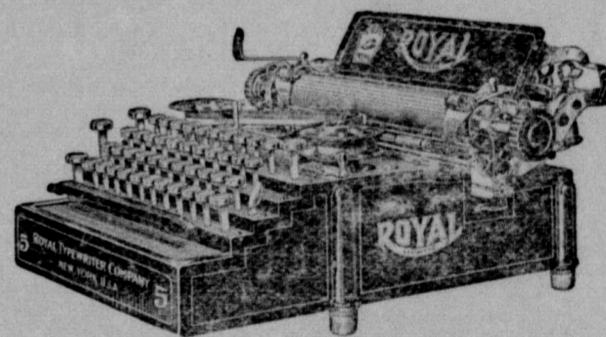
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